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HODDER & STOUGHTON

The Empty Spaces and The Faber Book of Modern Verse are stocked by every library that replied. Ted Hughes and Robert Lowell are missing from five libraries; Philip Larkin from three, and Auden from two (the Cambridge public library, curiously enough, lacks both these volumes). Sylvia Plath's first book is unavailable at nineteen libraries, her second at four. Wevill, MacBeth and Snodgrass fail to appear in twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-four libraries respectively. Basil Bunting can be found in only two places: there are four copies of his Northumbrian epic in the Newcastle library and one at Leeds. The other paperback, *The New Poetry*, is in all but ten libraries. The only volume missing from all thirty-five is Donald Davie's *Brides of Reason*.

Figures of the actual stocks held present an only slightly different picture. The league table reads as follows: *The Faber Book of Modern Verse* (203 copies owned by all thirty-five libraries), *About the House* (135), *The Empty Spaces* (104), *The Whitsun Weddings* (77), *The New Poetry* (74), *Ariel* (60), *Lupercal* (58), *For the Union Dead* (55), *My Sad Captain* (52), *The Colossus* (23), *A Domesday Book* (18), *A Christ of the Ice* (16), *Heart's Needle* (14), *Briggflatts* (5), *Brides of Reason* (0). There are curious discrepancies—for instance, holds twenty-six copies of *The Faber Book of Modern Verse* and no copies of *The New Poetry*; is this a result of the binding restrictions on paperbacks discussed by Mr. Charles Clark in his article on page 201? At Manchester, though, there are four copies of *The New Poetry* against only two of the Faber anthology. Other large libraries, like Bristol and Newcastle, seem to have nothing against buying paperbacks but have inconspicuously small stocks of the Penguin.

They also have inconspicuously large stocks of *The Empty Spaces*; Newcastle, for example, have nine copies of it against only one of the Robert Lowell, and Glasgow have ten against two of the Thom Gunn. Oxford, similarly, can only once boast more than a single copy of any volume—they have three Sarah Churchills. From these figures alone it is evident that the librarians' presented image of themselves as careful scrutineers of critical opinion, as civilizers and

TO HELL AND BACK

PIERRE D'HARCOURT: *The Real Enemy*. 186pp. Longmans. 30s.

The Real Enemy is a harrowing account of what happened, in living memory, in some once highly civilized parts of Europe.

Most secret agents' memoirs take for granted the excellence of the particular hero whose adventures they recount, even when the hero has the misfortune to fall into hostile hands. This book is subtler, and rings true. After hesitations which do him credit, for he is a Fleet Street journalist by profession as well as a French nobleman by descent, Pierre d'Harcourt has published his war autobiography. He does not pretend to heroism, and would no doubt agree that the most successful agents are the ones who are not—as he was—caught at some unavoidable resistance task.

On being arrested he broke free momentarily, and was shot down. As his wounds healed, he was interrogated. He thought he parted only with information that would compromise no one, and describes with feeling what it is like to be confronted by a proud and silent fellow agent who had (he then wrongly supposed) been captured through an unnoticed indiscretion of his own. He spent two years of his solitary confinement in Fresco prison, and was then dispatched to the concentration camp of Neu-Breim.

Even among these interludes there were gradations. Neu-Breim was so bad that after it even Buchenwald was a relief. Prisoners were sent to Neu-Breim for an initiatory spell—seven weeks was the longest anyone stayed there, and survived—in which their minds were meant to be shattered entirely, so that they would arrive at their more permanent camp ready for unquestioning obedience. By feats of faith and self-control they must seem astounding to anyone who did not, and to many who did, pass through those gloomy gateways into

educators out to stock-pile the best that has been thought and said, is more than a little interfered with by the (admitted) necessity to supply what is in demand. One would not

in terms other than the most narrowly mercantile it almost certainly would.

Each library that replied to our questionnaire had stocked three

	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o
BARNET	3	2	7	4	0	2	2	1	12	0	1	0	12	8	0
BIRMINGHAM	2	4	3	1	1	4	3	0	8	0	0	0	7	0	0
BRISTOL	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
BRIGHTON	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
BURTON	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
CAMBRIDGE	5	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
CAMDEN	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
CHICHESTER	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
COTSWOLD	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
CROYDON	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
DARLINGTON	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
DORSET COUNTY	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
EDINBURGH	2	2	2	2	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
GLASGOW	4	2	10	8	2	4	6	2	19	0	1	1	11	1	0
HAMMINGTON	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0
HAREFORD	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
KINGSTON AND CHELSEA	3	3	6	4	0	3	4	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
LEICESTER	2	3	8	7	3	6	3	0	12	0	0	0	2	1	0
LIVERPOOL	3	3	1	2	1	2	5	1	12	1	1	1	15	9	0
LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS	2	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	0	0	0	6	1	0
LUTON	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	0	0	0	3	1	0
MANCHESTER	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	0	0	2	4	0
MANSFIELD	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
NEWCASTLE	2	1	9	4	0	2	1	1	4	0	0	0	14	2	0
NOTTINGHAM	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
OXFORD	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
PLYMOUTH	1	1	2	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	7	1
READING	3	0	3	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	0
REDRIDGE	1	1	1	1	2	0	2	1	0	7	0	0	8	0	0
RHONDDA	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
SCARBOROUGH	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
WESTMINSTER	7	4	9	8	1	1	4	6	1	9	0	4	14	7	0

(a) Ted Hughes: *Lupercal*; (b) Thom Gunn: *My Sad Captain*; (c) Sarah Churchill: *The Empty Spaces*; (d) Philip Larkin: *The Whitsun Weddings*; (e) Sylvia Plath: *The Colossus*; (f) Sylvia Plath: *Ariel*; (g) Robert Lowell: *For the Union Dead*; (h) W. D. Snodgrass: *Heart's Needle*; (i) W. H. Auden: *About the House*; (j) Basil Bunting: *Briggflatts*; (k) George MacBeth: *A Domesday Book*; (l) David Wevill: *A Christ of the Ice*; (m) The Faber Book of Modern Verse—Editor: M. Roberts; (n) The New Poetry—Editor: A. Alvarez; (o) Donald Davie: *Brides of Reason*.

copies of each of the books we listed (and this—except, perhaps, in the case of Donald Davie—was surely not too much to hope for) the total number of copies stocked would have numbered 1,575. The actual number of copies stocked is 894. Considering

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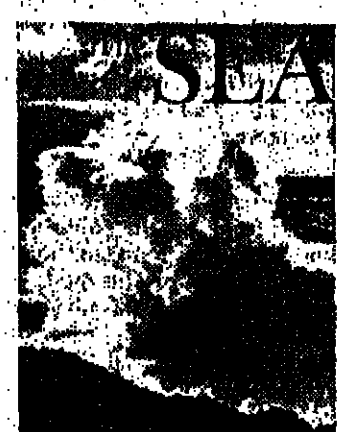
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Culture and Education

LAWRENCE STENHOUSE

The Principal Lecturer in Education at Jordanhill College, Glasgow, explores the role of teacher, curriculum and teaching methods from primary school to university in the light of the belief that education should encourage creative thinking rather than be merely a means of indoctrination.

6 March 35s



The Sea

ROBERT C. MILLER

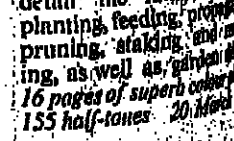
The sea is the most primal and intriguing of elements. This book covers every aspect of it, from the storms on the surface, the currents, the mountain ranges, the marine life to man's immemorial relationship with the sea. Dr. Miller, zoologist, marine biologist and oceanographer, was the Director of the California Academy of Sciences. 81 colour photographs, 160 black and white photographs, plus maps.

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13 March 84s

GOOD MARKS FOR MR. SMITH

KENNETH YOUNG: *Rhodesia and Independence*. 567pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 42s.

Kenneth Young's book, we are told on the dust cover, "provides indispensable material for all who wish to weigh up the pros and cons of a tragic situation, which has already cost the British taxpayer £100 million, halted Rhodesian economic expansion and even come close to war". Mr. Young, political adviser to Beaverbrook Newspapers, has certainly produced a massive work. It is well written. It covers a great deal of ground. The author has obviously been assiduous in pursuit of sources written and oral.

As an aid to weighing up the pros and cons of the Rhodesian situation, however, it is far from indispensable. One could not fairly describe it as a blatantly partisan work, but there is no doubt where Mr. Young's sympathies lie and even more important, his antipathies. He is far more sympathetic to white Rhodesia than to black Africa. He is not sympathetic at all to Mr. Wilson's government. He does not always apply sufficiently rigorous tests to the claims of the supporters of Mr. Ian Smith and his illegal regime. His distrust of any views left of centre leads him to some unfortunate *obiter dicta*. For example, discussing the visit of Mr. Christopher Rowland and two fellow Labour M.P.s to Rhodesia last year, he remarks: "Predictably, Rowland wrote an article for the *New Statesman*... or again, discussing the restriction without trial of the former Prime Minister, Mr. Garfield Todd: 'Todd's restriction—on his own extensive ranch—caused uproar in progressive circles.'"

Mr. Young certainly criticizes both the Conservative and the Labour parties for their handling of the Rhodesian question. He also criticizes Mr. Ian Smith, but on details only. In his thumbnail sketch of Mr. Smith, with whom he had long conversations, he accepts far too uncritically Mr. Smith's own assessment of himself. He is far too ready to treat as authorities such men as Mr. Patrick Wall and Mr. Reginald Paget, without mentioning the surely relevant facts about their position in the Conservative and Labour parties respectively. Sometimes his assertions of fact

are simply opinions—and opinions for which there is doubtful factual backing. For example, "The news [which he had visited Britain] brought was obviously not encouraging and this undoubtedly strengthened the support of their followers, who constituted the bulk of Rhodesian Africans, for Smith's Government." (Our italics.) Or again: "The Chief represented something like 80 per cent of Rhodesian Africans." Both these statements are, to put it mildly, controversial. What is Mr. Young's evidence? How has he set about assessing African opinion? Another example occurs in the statement: "Lardner-Burke did not refer to the contentious broadcasts from the new British transmitter at Francistown." It is run, not by the BBC, but by the Diplomatic Wireless Service, a British Government agency. Does he mean that the programmes are provided by the Diplomatic Wireless Service, because, if so, he is wrong, or does he mean that the BBC's programmes through the Francistown relay station are tendentious? Many Smith supporters would agree with him, but what is his evidence, and how credible are Smith supporters as witnesses in this instance? And incidentally, how objective is the Rhodesian Broadcasting Corporation?

For a journalist, Mr. Young has a curious and indeed a depressing attitude to censorship and Rhodesia's newspaper editors. For one thing, he refers to "the radical *Sunday Mail*" an adjective that may be reasonable if comparing it with the *British Daily Express*, but which would certainly surprise most readers of the *Sunday Mail*, and almost certainly its editor. Then he criticizes the *Rhodesia Herald* for not adopting a "national" (that is, pro-UDI) policy after "aggressive British and international action was taken against Rhodesia" and accuses the paper's editor, Mr. Malcolm Smith, and his colleagues of "squealing" when the pressures of censorship were imposed on them. Apart from being a most unworthy attack on the Rhodesian

editors, this is tantamount to saying that if something thought to be wrong in principle succeeds, it should be supported.

Like Mr. Ian Smith and his followers, Mr. Young does not like the implications of the end of colonial rule. He considers that members of the Commonwealth were arrogant in insisting that they should collectively decide if an independent Rhodesia should belong to it. Why? Who else should decide the membership of a voluntary body but the members?

Mr. Young is of course entitled to his views. He is also entitled to his criticisms, with some of which few could quarrel. Many of the predictions and statements of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bottomley (when Commonwealth Secretary, for instance, were simply stupid. The High Commission in Salisbury was notoriously ill informed—and notoriously unready to find out what made the Rhodesian Front tick, preferring to rely on the R.I.'s ineffective opponents for information.

What one misses is any real awareness that important principles are at stake in Rhodesia and not just the question of constitutional legality. Mr. Young is not alone in this. Appallingly few people in Britain seem willing to look searchingly at the Smith regime to see what its "civilized standards" really amount to. For example, Mr. Young refers to the Constitution Amendment Bill (now Act) and remarks that it was intended among other things to give greater powers to the African tribal courts. One of the provisions of the Act is that a tribal court "shall not be deemed to be dependent or partial by reason only of the fact that any or all of the members of the court are interested parties". This introduction of standards of impartiality for African courts markedly lower than those considered essential in the Rhodesian constitution—and the constitutions of other countries where the rule of law has relevance—is surely an essential fact to consider in any weighing up of the pros and cons of the Rhodesian situation.

BAD MARKS FOR THE UNITED STATES

BERTRAND RUSSELL: *War Crimes in Vietnam*. 178pp. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

War Crimes in Vietnam is a collection of twelve speeches and articles dated between March 1963 and June 1966, together with an introduction, a postscript on the "International War Crimes Tribunal", and a forty-eight-page appendix which is a report by Ralph Schoenman on a visit to North Vietnam at the beginning of 1966. The statements and articles, which include Lord Russell's new exchanges with the *New York Times* in 1963 and the 1963 speech at the end of which he tore up his Labour Party card, add little to what is known of this "independent" but highly committed position. Nor does the book justify its claim to be a "well-documented catalogue of atrocities". One example of its use as such documentation as there is will be described not only in the *International annual*, but in the *International annual*.

On January 1, 1963, a letter to the *Dallas Morning News* quoted a re-issued in 1962 by an anti-communist Vietnamese body which was allegedly approved President Diem. The book contains a second-hand report of an earlier phase of the conflict by an interested party: the unwary reader who has now seen it four times could well be forgiven for taking it as a solidly based charge against the United States. The more informed reader will have suspected it from the first: it has been a standard war propagandist's atrocity story at least since 1914.

So much for Lord Russell's documentation. Mr. Schoenman's visit to North Vietnam was undertaken in order to gather some more. He makes no claim to objectivity, but the integrity of the bombing of North Vietnam has been such that his accounts of school and hospitals tragically destroyed are only too likely to be true. The main issue he raises is, however, the damage done to human life by the chemicals used for defoliation and crop-destruction in South Vietnam. Similar charges have been made by the Vietcong since 1963 and are quoted by Lord Russell. They have been categorically denied by the American officers in whose responsibility they lie.

It is not easy to see why another account should be needed of the circumstances which led to the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, and the conclusion which emerges at the end of *The Decision to Drop the Bomb* is that it is not to be discussed, of course, it will be a different matter. At present there is little to add to previously published accounts. Mr. Giovannitti and Mr. Fred are heavily on their predecessors' much of the book, in fact, consists of quotations from other works juxtaposed and compared. The only new material derives, apparently, from interviews with the principal participants a number of years after the event. Unfortunately, the com-

mission of all references, either

to the sources of quotations or to the origin of the new material, makes it practically impossible to identify or evaluate the evidence.

This does not greatly matter, since the authors have no new thesis to propound. They are concerned simply to provide an elementary guide to the well-established answers to such questions as how the decision came to be taken, who was in favour and who against, and what were the alternatives considered to the use of the atomic bomb. There are a few surprises to be reminded of: for instance, Edward Teller (who was later fanatically in favour of the H-bomb) was against using the A-bomb, at least without a preliminary demonstration; and Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for War, was largely exercised by a determination to spare

WHOSE FINGER WAS ON THE TRIGGER?

GIJOVANNITTI and FRED FRED: *The Decision to Drop the Bomb*. 348pp. Methuen. £2.10s.

It is not easy to see why another account should be needed of the circumstances which led to the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, and the conclusion which emerges at the end of *The Decision to Drop the Bomb* is that it is not to be discussed, of course, it will be a different matter. At present there is little to add to previously published accounts. Mr. Giovannitti and Mr. Fred are heavily on their predecessors' much of the book, in fact, consists of quotations from other works juxtaposed and compared. The only new material derives, apparently, from interviews with the principal participants a number of years after the event. Unfortunately, the com-

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ARMS AND THE WIND

K. G. FARRIES and M. T. MASON: *The Windmills of Surrey and Inner London*. 276pp. Chatto £5 5s.

Before mankind discovered his aptitude for developing synthetic materials and for their manufacturing in all manner of things that, hitherto, he had fashioned from natural substances, he explored to the limit what could be done with wood, flax and hemp to harness power from the winds and to make gravity his servant. Londoners in the mid-nineteenth century accepted three masterpieces in these media as part of their everyday lives, indeed they depended on them to some extent for transport, nourishment and entertainment. They watched the spirit-sail barges wooing wind and tide as they carried cargoes of wheat from the grain ships to riverside windmills with their canvas sails that ground it into flour; and in the evening they flocked to the great theatres not far inland where from dizzy wooden galleries acres of painted canvas on rollers and frames of wood were lowered and hoisted by rope and tackle to give entranced spectators a magical pictorial illusion. More remarkable still, each of these three complex mechanisms was operated by two men: the skipper and his mate, the miller and his apprentice, and the two flymen, prompt and O.P., working their spell in a web of lines and cleared rope-falls. In these days of over-manned machinery we wonder that so much energy could be controlled and directed to such purpose by so few. The ship, the stage, and the windmill: of these perhaps the windmill excelled in its compact and sturdy beauty.

Before long all these superb examples of man's ingenuity and craftsmanship for practical purposes will have ceased to exist. We can only hope that each will find obituarists to record all that went to their design, construction and employment with the enterprise and enthusiasm that Mr. Faries and Mr. Mason have shown in collaborating to map and survey the vanished and few remaining windmills of Surrey and of Inner London.

The authors concede that the water-mill takes pride of place historically and quantitatively in its provision of power to this country's early economy. But, on the whole, water-

mills are rather four-square, uninspiring structures set in dank, forbidding vales; their sluggish dripping wheels seem vaguely related to the torture chamber, and their dark, unlit pools to invite despairing Ophelias to a watery grave. Reluctantly we must admit that they were more efficient than their trim-figured sisters perched on hill tops, embracing the winds with whirling arms, the smock mills turning their proud heads and the post mills pirouetting on their toes to face the gusty forces that gave them life and energy. Crowning the landscape, they have been the inspiration of poets; romantic painters, happily, have found their lofty beauty an apt component of the golden cut so that, as we can see herein, few went unrecorded by pencil or brush.

In the hey-day of windmills nearly 100 were operating within the old boundaries of Surrey. Their density in Battersea prefigured the great dynamic cathedral that has displaced them. The authors have explored every known site. From available records, from contemporary drawings and paintings, and from photographs of decaying survivors they have noted the variety of the design and the disparity of the working life of these once indispensable factors in the life of a community. The generous allowance of illustrations to their text makes their book very attractive; plans and elevations of the Shiremark Windmill at Capel, finely delineated by Mr. J. A. Leathart, reveal the anatomy of a smock mill as a perfect example of the summit of the millwright's achievement, as the four-masted barque was for the shipwright, as though both knew that this would be their last chance to show their mettle. Mettle? Mettle? For here lies a puzzle for etymologists that so far writers on windmills have not resolved. The dressing of mill-stones was done with a steel pick. Flying splinters of steel would penetrate the backs of the workman's hands, scarring them with small blue streaks. A miller, before employing a journeyman stone-dresser, would ask him to show his "steel", that is to say, the blue marks that proved his experience. Surely

this must be the derivation of the phrase "to show one's mettle" to be put on one's mettle? Mettle, however, in the only "mettle" meaning spirit or "metal" in the sense of steel.

The book ends with a survey of the windmills that once eddied Central London until, one by one, they fell before the aggressive urbanization and steam power of Newgate Prison to draw life from the crowded gale, not only to alleviate the lot of its gaolers but to lessen the chances of justices contracting gaol fever. So little popular regard for humane treatment of felons, that nobody thought of opening ventilating system by hand; the exercise and the inmates as the primitive windmill worked by the windmill.

The book is entertaining to the authors have as keen an amusing and curious anecdotal facts and technicalities. They would be a prodigious lot, hope that they will extend its searches to the windmills of East Anglia to which any titles of grain were carried by barges to supplement the best. It is a little disappointing to read that one windmill barge provided sufficient flour for the day in which it stood. The authors that to supply the needs of the present time would only windmills to the square mile. Indeed, might every reader's eyes to the mills where: his bread, instead of spouting what bleak hygienic mill should be grinding the doctored loaf. In fairness it must be said the jolly miller of romance was not above adulterating with bean-meal as a malice and, like his scientific successor, his complaining customers knew best what was good for

Fiction

ON THE HOP

JULIO CORTÁZAR: *Hopscotch*. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. 564pp. Collins. 35s. *The Winners*. Translated by Elaine Kerrigan. 374pp. Souvenir Press. 30s.

Julio Cortázar is an Argentinean who, since the publication of *Rayuela* (or *Hopscotch*) in 1963, has acquired a reputation as the first great novelist of Latin America. Although this judgment is unfair to half a dozen of his contemporaries and one or two of his predecessors, his work, now widely translated, and perhaps rather too extravagantly promoted on the Continent and in the United States, certainly represents a remarkable achievement.

Señor Cortázar started as a writer of slightly Kafkaesque, slightly Borgesian short stories, most of them, on his own admission, the description of dreams in which an ordinary situation slipped almost imperceptibly into fantasy. *The Winners* (originally published in 1960 as *Los premios*) was his first novel and written in similar mood; it appeared in England in 1965 but was largely ignored by reviewers.

The hero of *Hopscotch*, Oliveira, an Argentinean expatriate in Paris, is amazed at the absurdity of life. The arbitrary detail of its conventional superstructure: the incredible streets, the colour and shape of the clothes, the lumps of food—seems just a little too meticulously implausible to be true.

Oliveira is in fact a very prim existentialist, stubbornly refusing himself a single instant of *manivela*. He is tempted, of course. He could "put on a blue suit, comb his greying hair, and go to art galleries." But he resists, plays piously with bits of string or, in the morning, slaps pink toothpaste not on his teeth but on their reflection in the mirror, and laughs. When he drops something, he must pick it up, and one day he spends half an hour under the tables of an expensive restaurant, searching for a lump of sugar which has slipped from his hand. In short he is like, say, Morgan, or the hero of Alain Jossua's film *La Vie à l'Envers*, an intransigent outsider, aware of the spiritual benefit to be derived from emptying a jam-pot over the con-cierge's head; aware, of course, of the liberating power of laughter and outrage.

After an exotically uprooted period in Paris, he returns to Buenos Aires, and his ship is met by Traveler, a childhood friend. Traveler seems to be Oliveira's double, or at least what Oliveira might have been if he had donned a blue suit and stayed at home in the Argentinean background of plotting generals, vacuous patriotism and faded culture. In Paris Oliveira has had two love affairs, one magical (the girl was called La Mapa and they would meet at random in the street or better on the Pont des Arts), one commonplace. Traveler's wife, Talita, is commonplace and Argentinean, but occasionally Oliveira sees in her some of the magic he had known in Paris, and she becomes La Mapa.

CONFESSIONS OF ZERO

HENRICH BÖLL: *Absent Without Leave*. Translated by Laila Vennewitz. 392pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

The discovery that *Absent Without Leave*—a generous offering of two novellas and sundry short stories—is only the third of Heinrich Böll's works to have scaled the language barrier comes as something of a shock. Heinrich Böll is after all—despite his comparative youth—a Grand Old Man of the literature that has grown up in Germany since the Year Zero.

Appropriately enough a fair slice of Böll's collection deals with events of the Year Zero, and the preceding minus times. The little story itself is a recollection—in broken-backed tranquility—of an all-too-brief wartime interlude of happiness; in the telling of it past and present interweave apparently at random until a sudden convergence of events establishes in painfully sharp focus the narrator's hysterical sense of irreparable loss.

Not every wartime tale in the volume conceals the same emotional depth charge, although they all share a pervasive mood of vulnerability as if the characters in them moved through situations without skin on their bodies. Sardonic humour, surfaces in unexpected places: an earnest POW, entrained for home by endlessly about Tuschinski, Kraus and Germany's spiritual

rebirth while sewing on the ensign's piping around the shoulder-straps of his redundant uniform. Even more cardonic—and vaguely evocative of Kraus in its outraged hilarity—is a phantasmagoria called "Bonn Diary" in which a group of aristocratic officers bring about the posthumous exoneration of their former commander by producing proof that he was responsible for the death of far more men than had previously been estimated.

Complementing the war stories are evocations of peace—only in Herr Böll's world is peace not so much the antithesis of war as its transcription into a minor key. "Economic miracle" vignettes read like front-line reports on a peace that saveth understanding; a well-primed applicant for a job interviews a no longer acknowledge the term free time—on my fifteenth birthday I eliminated it from my vocabulary. For in the beginning was the act, and a chair-borne business executive exhibits dynamic adaptability and simultaneously conducting conversations through two telephones, taking notes with a pen gripped between his teeth and operating a knitting machine under his desk with bare feet.

For the reader's bemused edifica-

tion Herr Böll also displays species of economic man farther from the mainstream—the throwaway expert, whose destruction fills with creative frenzy, and the professional laughter, whose home resembles a morgue. The introverted laughing for a livelihood is brother under the skin to the assistant radio producer, Murke, who collects "silences"—blank snippets of recorded tape—and plays them back to himself at home as the only form of therapy enabling him to carry on in his job.

Another batch of stories revolve around an even more painful process of adaptation: that of children, bruised by their first contact with an adult-made world of examinations, injustice and sexual labour. These—for reasons not unconnected with the author's make-up—are the finest items in the collection. For all his distancing devices of urbane irony Herr Böll is essentially a guardian of innocence against the contagion of the world; the sentimental plate of his imagination registers—as does the childish mind—nuances of deceit and (un)prudence beyond the range of normal vision. In addition he is, of course, a fertile story-teller; and it is his unique combination of moralist and fabulist that makes him a writer who deserves a wider reputation here than he has previously enjoyed.

BIG DEAL

JOHN BURKE: *The Suburbs of Pleasure*. 324pp. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

Although Balzac has proved for all time what a novelist can make of a man's job, writers on the whole are still strangely shy of those great diurnal bites of time from 9 to 5.30. So these two novels are to be welcomed because they both talk knowledgeably about modern business life and what it can do to a man.

The Suburbs of Pleasure is about tycoonery in London and the Black Country; *The Peddler* makes frequent use of vibrato and fortissimo as it dwells on the horrors of being a sales pusher in New York. All the characters, whether here or in America, are equally repulsive, and a great weight of joylessness broods over both books.

The Suburbs of Pleasure is harsh and gritty. Marden and Ford are both well set to make important careers for themselves in the business world. Marden as the chief force in Sharrow's, a small independent company, Ford in a large, computerized combine called E.C.A. Their friendship, which dates from wartime days, becomes uneasy when E.C.A. tries to take over Sharrow's; and the private lives of both men become soiled and cheapened. Marden remains tech-

nically undefeated right to the cruel end, but it is at the cost of his own moral enfeeblement. Mr. Stevens is a more flamboyant writer than Mr. Burke. The demon competition holds the reins and uses the whip in his novel just as in the Englishman's, but in *The Peddler* the tensions are screwed up even more tightly. Art Fuller, a jazz trumpeter *manqué*, tells his own story in vivid if sometimes over-excited prose. He engages in the jungle warfare which is unavoidable if your job is selling valves for Drexler's because by so doing he can, provided the orders keep flowing in, live in style and keep up with his fellow-suburbanites.

But when Fuller engages in the struggle to land an order from a formidable Power-Age concern he finds it necessary not merely to go through the salesman's grim routine (forced matinee, heavy affability, the smiling acceptance of the snub) but also to play the pimp to the disgusting Brandstedt. This wallowing in *outré* mud than usual finally moves him to abandon salesmanship and to retire to the family pot-foed business, where presumably the moral tone will be higher even if the money won't be so good.



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METHUEN

FOR MONEY AND THE KING

MENNA PRESTWICH: *Cranfield: Politics and Profits under the Early Stuarts*. The Career of Lionel Earl of Middlesex. 623pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £4 4s.
Calendar of Manuscripts of the Right Honourable Lord Sackville of Knole, Sevenoaks, Kent. Ed. F. J. Fisher. Vol. II. Letters relating to Lionel Cranfield's business overseas, 1597-1612. H.M.S.O. Commission 80. 267pp. H.M.S.O. £2 17s. 6d.

In 1598 Richard Tawney, the great economic historian, published in his old age a book on Lionel Cranfield, later Earl of Middlesex, as merchant and Minister, which he entitled *Business and Politics under James I*. It was a comparatively short book, a mere 324 pages. Now nearly ten years later Mrs. Prestwich has published another longer book on Cranfield running to well over 600 pages to which she has devoted some twenty years' work. What was the importance of Cranfield that he has earned the assiduous labours of two considerable historical scholars? A cynical answer to this would be that Cranfield happened to leave behind him an enormous cache of business papers which descended through the Sackville family and some of which were calendared by another distinguished scholar, A. P. Newton. In addition, many estate papers and miscellaneous documents were discovered by Mrs. Prestwich in the county archives at Maidstone.

Nevertheless there is no question that Cranfield was a notable figure. He was the first professional businessman to hold high office in the government of England. After serving in other posts and as one of the Commissioners for the Treasury he became for two and a half years at the end of the reign of King James I the Lord Treasurer of England. He was then accused of dishonesty, impeached, and heavily fined. But he lived on till the end of the first civil war and thus his career spans some seventy years of history (for he was born in 1575).

Mrs. Prestwich, who understandably identifies herself with her subject's fortunes, is gloomy about the fact that when he died he was worth only some £76,000 as compared with double that amount in his heyday. But, after all, he had been a millionaire in modern terms and, if he was not quite a millionaire when he died, having made his money largely by driving hard bargains for dubious financial speculations, perhaps we should not feel too sorry for him. As is usual, it was his dependants who dissipated his wealth. Mrs. Prestwich has put Cranfield's career in a 'clear perspective'. Tawney's book left the impression that Cranfield as Treasurer had carried out a remarkable piece of financial reform on King James's behalf which demonstrated the value of having a businessman in that position. But it does not appear to have been the case at all. It is perfectly true that Cranfield was a capable

administrator and went into financial questions extremely thoroughly. When he was a Treasury Commissioner he certainly improved matters and he let out the farming of taxes on better terms. But he was no reformer and during his period of office as Lord Treasurer he did not substantially improve the royal finances. He did not really fall from favour because he had served his purpose, but because he was unable to serve it sufficiently well.

Mrs. Prestwich is also most informative on Cranfield's own financial transactions. She begins her book with a fascinating chapter on Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and shows how he had accumulated wealth from the official authority he possessed. Cranfield was already a remarkably successful financier when he entered the royal service. By the time he was thirty he had made over £12,000; seven years later he had capital worth £30,000 and an income of £3,000 (all these sums must of course be multiplied many times for a present-day equivalent). But he made £8,000 from being Master of the Wardrobe, £6,000 out of the Court of Wards, and between £7,000 and £10,000 from being Lord Treasurer. At his impeachment he was fined £50,000 (initially reduced to £20,000) and who later fined another £12,000 by the Exchequer. Thus like Bacon, who was also impeached—he made vast sums of money out of his offices. So did Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, and so did Marquis of Carmarthen. Indeed, to buy and sell offices at profit, to make a living out of being a farmer of taxes or a holder of patents was characteristic of public life in the seventeenth century. The only sin was to be accused of breaking the rules and be destroyed by your enemies. If Cranfield had been as competent as Colbert, he would never have been ousted by King Charles I, and the first Duke of Buckingham, the latter himself the prince of bait, teners upon the royal purse.

Mrs. Prestwich's book, which goes into enormous and at times tedious detail (she even quotes Coke twice on the value of the cloth trade) is therefore, exceptionally revealing about the seamy side of the history of English government in this period. It will be a rich source of information for other historians who are writing about England at that time. It is understood that another well-known English historian is devoting himself to a study of corruption and influence. In all that course of action the Queen's son, Earl of Middlesex, was a notable figure in his well-deserving of so much biography.

The second volume of a calendar of Cranfield's papers, which he moved to an expensive house when he died a spinster. Mrs. Prestwich tells us with little comment that he was a religious man but not unkind to his wives (though treated the father of his first child in a pretty ruthless manner), but she finds it hard to say a good word for him. For a modern historian, however, she is fairly free with judgments, telling her readers frequently whether or not Cranfield can be no question that he was written an extremely able and a able book which will command admiration among her scholars.

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Reaching the Reader—II

Lost Deposits?

By C. H. Rolph

I TOOK THE NEWSPAPERS nearly a century and a half—from 1712 to 1855—to rid themselves of the hated stamp duty, the "tax on knowledge". They did it by simply refusing to pay. Probably a majority of them never paid; and their mortality rate, likely enough to be high anyway, was the higher because of their running fight with the Revenue. Their collective triumph, in due course, was a conspicuous example of the futility of punishment as a means of enforcing bad law. For they were prosecuted thousands of times; and the more their proprietors were fined and imprisoned, the more scurrilous, blasphemous, obscene, seditious, violently revolutionary and defiantly stampless they became. In the five years following the Reform Bill, for instance, there were more than 100 prosecutions of newspaper proprietors. In the final battles, their champions were Lytton and Cobden, both of whom continually risked prosecution for inciting them to evade taxation.

For more than fifty years now the book trade has endured a capital tax of a rather different kind; and it needs, rather than deserves, a Lytton or a Cobden to incite it to rebellion. Under section 15 of the Copyright Act, 1911, which reenacted a provision older than the British Museum, the publisher of every new book in the United Kingdom is required to send one free copy to that museum and, if they ask for one (which they always do), to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, the University Library, Cambridge, the National Library of Wales, the National Library of Scotland, and Trinity College Dublin. Failure to do so is now punishable with a fine of £5 plus the

value of the book; a penalty which follows the good old rule that the man who faces the biggest temptation must be threatened with the biggest stick. The book supplied to the British Museum has to be one of the best available edition. The ones that go to the other libraries can be of the common or garden kind. But all are to be supplied at the publishers' expense, including wrapping and postage. The libraries act through an agent, whose whole life seems to be spent reading booklists and pouncing on their publishers. So far as it affects the British Museum the system seems to command universal assent, even among the publishers: for everyone thinks there should be one place at least wherein every published book is stored, there is some way of response to an intensified campaign of prosecution, hundreds of unstamped newspapers were born and died. In the final battles, their champions were Lytton and Cobden, both of whom continually risked prosecution for inciting them to evade taxation.

But why, the publishers (occasionally) ask, should the other five libraries get free copies, and be able legally to demand them with menace if they fail to arrive? What other kind of manufacturer has to prevent museums or amusement centers with such new product coming off his assembly line? Or rather this is the kind of question asked on their behalf by a couple of stalwarts whose support they have done little to deserve, Sir Stanley Unwin and Sir Alan Herbert. And they do not deserve such champions because, unlike the little newspaper publishers of stamp-duty days, they so meekly comply with a requirement that is unjust in its incidence, murky in its historical origins, and oppressive in its operation.

You can see why they do. First, a majority of them believe, quite

erroneously, that they are in some way protecting a copyright. In fact it has nothing to do with copyright; and the belief that it has is fostered in two ways: by its accidental and unfortunate presence in the Copyright Act (which no one understands), and by the fact that the British Museum's letter of demand is always — and unaccountably — headed "Copyright Receipt Office". Next, publishers have no cohesion, no sense of one another's troubles. There is little that they will ever agree about. They are still, after fifty years, at variance over which way up to print the title along the spine of a thin book, so that a man trying to read books along library shelves was his head like a metronome. They still refuse to tell one another what manuscripts they have received, commissioned or thought of commissioning, seemingly content to wring their hands when they come out on the same day with books on identical themes. They will combine only for smallish and non-committal dinner parties or to send representatives to one another's funerals.

There have nevertheless been protests. So long ago as 1878 they actually moved a Royal Commission to recommend the cutting out of all deposit libraries except the British Museum. Let the other libraries pay for what they wanted, said the 1878 Commissioners; and they said it in vain. In 1911 the debates on the Copyright Bill drew from Lord Gorell the observation that it was unfair to "exact tribute" from a particular trade; and in 1956 the debates on the present Act provoked the Ministry of Education to say, although Trinity College Dublin was now in a foreign and none too friendly country, that English publishers must go on giving it books

at 125 guineas, or in full Morocco at 175 guineas. All the deposit libraries insisted on their pound of flesh, with the exception of the Welsh, which had no claim because the edition was limited to 275 copies. Why on earth should they not have paid for them?

It might be thought unfair enough that the libraries do not pay, but they are also free from any kind of reciprocal obligation. The Publishers' Association told the 1952 Board of Trade Copyright Committee that, in some of the deposit libraries, thousands of these books even went uncatalogued and were simply not available to the public—or to anyone. This is the kind of thing that authors find out; and they are quick to ask their publishers why the relevant copy has not been supplied. In one year, out of 16,000 new books claimed by deposit libraries (other than the British Museum) only 6,000 were catalogued. The fate of the other 10,000 could form the theme of an unusual whodunnit, copies of which, under some arrestingly scandalous title, could be sent to the libraries without waiting to be asked, in case they forget.

The 1952 Committee recommended, to the disappointment of everyone in the book trade and the astonishment of many outside it, that "the privilege of the libraries of deposit to receive copies of published books should not be discontinued". This may have been intended to look gently regretful in its double negativity, but what it meant was that the capital tax on publishing was a very good idea and ought to go on. Why? Oh, because it was of "very long standing" and "a comparatively small burden for the publishing trade as a whole". A member of the committee had, in fact, observed during the hearings that "averaged over the whole publishing output, the tax

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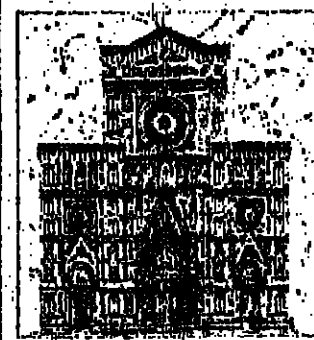
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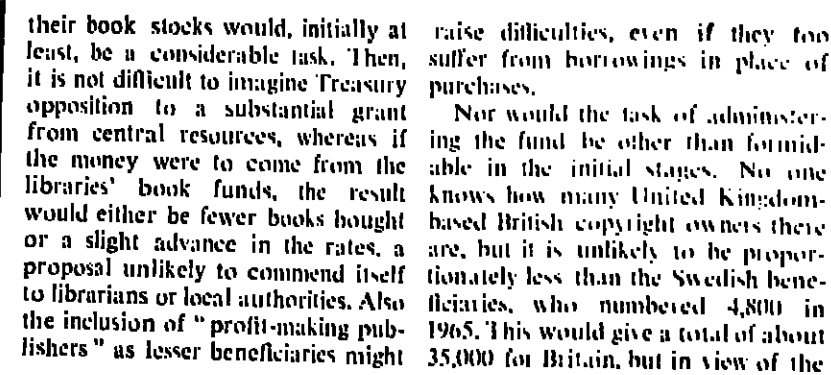
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Drawing by A. H. Marshall from the jacket of 'Italian Architecture'

জীবন



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The George Russell (A) Memorial Fund, which makes awards for published or unpublished work or for similar work by offering an award of £100 per annum in 1967. Candidates must be born in Ireland and ordinarily resident in Ireland, and must have been born on or before January 1, 1967. Applications (obtainable from the Trustees) together with three copies of the work submitted, should be sent to the Trustees of the Fund, c/o The Irish Literary Fund, 15, Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

Therefore, even if the BEA, by its sponsors, given part-time and passed in the session, the authors are to benefit until 1970 or so, the fate of the scheme watched with considerable interest throughout the world; it is likely to have significant discussions elsewhere.

And when these weaknesses recede through the poem, the suspicion hardens into a certainty that it is not really a poem, because it did not have its origin in any compulsive emotion, but was the outcome of a desire to write poetry rather than the urgent need to express a perception.

Marsh's aim was to reawaken public interest in poetry; Munro's to popularize it. They succeeded disastrously. The sales of Georgian poetry would arouse the envy of any publisher who today attempts to keep poetry alive. Munro, obsessed with the need for simplicity and comprehensibility, turned down Eliot's

Marsh's taste, as expressed in his selections for successive volumes of Georgian poetry, imposed itself on the movement: his criterion was clarity, a quality which, in the hands of the second-rate, soon became neatness, degenerating into triviality. Simplicity was the criterion of Monro and the neo-Georgians of the Squirearchy. Simplicity, again, is something fatally easy to achieve for poets without intellectual subtlety or emotional pressure. Middleton Murry, who emerges from this study as the most acute and effective critic of the movement, put his finger on the weakness of the average Georgian when he analysed a poem by Squire. He

sion of *The Country Gentleman* on a recto page, the recto page allowing foot-note space for Yeats's very numerous revisions and rewritings between 1892 and the final version of the play, based on the "earliest" almost-final "Tauchnitz" version of 1913. The verso-recto method provides the necessary space for plays that have prose and verse versions, or verse-and-prose and verse versions, like *The Hour Glass* and *The King of the Great Clock Tower*. Sometimes, as with *The Green Helmet*, General Abghach's problems were even more complicated:

Two conclusions stand out sharply from this present study: literary movements in England are self-defeating; and attempts to popularize poetry always end in debasement. The rehabilitation of the best of the Georgians is still a necessity, and it is therefore to be regretted that Mr. Ross is so modest in his aim of documenting rather than assessing the movement. He deliberately falls over backwards to avoid making critical judgments. "To the reader who finds my critical conclusions too slight I must now assert that my aim in this book has been not so much to calculate as to explain, not to ratchet the colonizer as to explore." Mr. Ross's self-denial is firm and genuine, but there is no reason to think that, if he had allowed himself a more positively critical attitude, the reader would have been disappointed. "Indeed", he writes, perhaps no group of poets since the Pre-Raphaelites has suffered more, or more ignominiously, from the widespread acceptance of over-simplified stereotypes and critical half-truths, even among readers who should know better.

This would have been a thesis worth exploring. Nevertheless, as serious students of poetry should be grateful for this admirably written and lavishly documented study of a literary movement whose peculiar Englishness Mr. Ross is all the better placed to appreciate since he does so from America.

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THE ESSENTIAL HÖLDERLIN

FOR SOME TWENTY-FIVE YEARS now Mr. Michael Hamburger has been labouring at his translation of Hölderlin's poetry—his first attempts were published in 1943, and here, in a handsomely produced bilingual edition, he has given us what he wants to be regarded as his last. It may be said at once that translator and publishers should be congratulated: no other versions have ever come so close to the essential Hölderlin, or have ever read so well.

Mr. Hamburger's translations are at the furthest possible remove from the now fashionable "re-creations" or "metaphrases" of foreign-language poems. He translates as though Ezra Pound had never paid homage to Sextus Propertius, as though Robert Lowell had never imitated. The very factors which make Hölderlin's "literally incomparable" poetry so remote, in style and content, from any English tradition, constituted a challenge to render it "accessible, palpable, perhaps even tenable, in English". Thus the translator retains faithfully the classical metres of which Hölderlin made such odd use, although these have never, in England, won the esteem that the practice of Goethe, Schiller, Hölderlin and Mörike conferred on them in Germany. Wherever the structure and syntax of Hölderlin's verse deliberately runs counter to the structure and syntax of the common language the English versions follow suit. Ambiguities are left as ambiguities, though there are occasions on which Mr. Hamburger found himself forced to come down on one side of the meaning or the other, or where he has had to use two complementary English terms to render one German word. "Every effort to improve my earlier versions," he tells us in a helpful preface,

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Mr. Hamburger's translations are at the furthest possible remove from the now fashionable "re-creations" or "metaphrases" of foreign-language poems. He translates as though Ezra Pound had never paid homage to Sextus Propertius, as though Robert Lowell had never imitated. The very factors which make Hölderlin's "literally incomparable" poetry so remote, in style and content, from any English tradition, constituted a challenge to render it "accessible, palpable, perhaps even tenable, in English". Thus the translator retains faithfully the classical metres of which Hölderlin made such odd use, although these have never, in England, won the esteem that the practice of Goethe, Schiller, Hölderlin and Mörike conferred on them in Germany. Wherever the structure and syntax of Hölderlin's verse deliberately runs counter to the structure and syntax of the common language the English versions follow suit. Ambiguities are left as ambiguities, though there are occasions on which Mr. Hamburger found himself forced to come down on one side of the meaning or the other, or where he has had to use two complementary English terms to render one German word. "Every effort to improve my earlier versions," he tells us in a helpful preface,

has led to a still closer approximation to the cadences and sense of the original poem—even in a free-verse fragment like *The Middle of the Journey*, which no amount of pedantry could have prevented me from rendering as freely as I pleased. Yet Hölderlin's rhythms were exactly right; the slightest change in cadence or word-order might well upset the masterly balance of those few poignant images or blue some delicate modulation. The important thing, in the end, was to be guided not by an overall principle of literalness or invention, but by a spontaneous response to each poem's mood or quiddity, as well as by a sense of fitness no different from that which governs one's choice of words in any piece of writing. Other poets demand a greater measure of transposition, very often because they drew on stock devices and images that are interchangeable, as Hölderlin's hardly ever were after the apprentice work with which I was not concerned.

As the last sentence indicates, we are not given all of Hölderlin's early "Hymns to the ideals of mankind" are not represented, and there are few of the more surreal fragments and sketches of Hölderlin's madness. Nearly all the greatest poems, however, are there—the short odes and epigrams of 1797-99, many of which formed the nucleus of later variations and elaboration; the odes and elegies in classical metres, written between 1798 and 1803; the free-verse *Hyperion* and fragments from the same period; the tragedy *Der Tod Empedokles*; and the shorter poems, moving in their simplicity, directness, and lack of architectural power, which Hölderlin jotted down in his long years of mental darkness.

When one compares these English versions with the German originals printed alongside, one is surprised by the closeness with which the translator has been able to follow his difficult texts, but one also meets with some minor imperfections which lead one to hope that Mr. Hamburger may be persuaded to revise just once again. In some small respects it would seem possible to approach even more closely to the goal: the translator has set himself, "to get under the original poet's skin, rather than exhibit

the effects on my own skin of exposure to his work". In his mature poems Hölderlin paid the greatest attention to changes of tone and mood, which he would even categorize, on occasions, according to an elaborate system of *Wechsel der Time*; the complexity of his poetic structures depends in large measure on a strictly determined sequence of such changes. With Hölderlin, therefore, it matters greatly on which concept, which mood, which word, the poem comes to rest—what are the final notes that intensify or resolve the preceding clashes and discords. In more than one important instance Mr. Hamburger fails to follow his poet in this: where Hölderlin's *Imitatio* ends with the word "peace" ("in den alten Frieden"), the English version ends with the word "persuaders"; where *An eine Fürstin von Duxburg* ends with contemplation, in English rendering ends with lashing gales. The same criticism can be made of *Mein Eigentum*, *Natur und Kunst* and *Der blinde Sänger* in their English dress. In many cases, a simple inversion is all that would be required: "In the arms of the gods I grew up" is nearer to "Im Arme der Götter wuchs ich groß" than Mr. Hamburger's "I grew up in the arms of the gods".

One of the hallmarks of the mature Hölderlin's style is what German metrists call *harte Fügung*—the use of enjambment, and medial pauses, for expressive purposes. While the translation for the most part follows Hölderlin's lead in this, there are times when it smoothes out a little too much the original's deliberate roughnesses. In the opening stanza of *Der Zeitgeist*, for instance, the deliberate counterpoint between grammatical and metrical pauses is disregarded, while the famous lines from *Der Rhein*,

Ein Rätsel ist Reinentprungenes.
Der Gesang kaum darf es entüllen.
Don't
Wie du anstiehst, wirst du bleiben,
show no trace, in Mr. Hamburger's version, of the original's violent enjambment:

A mystery are those of pure origin.
Even song may hardly unveil it.
For as you began, so you will remain.
It is perhaps connected with this that the translator succumbs more than once to the temptation of filling out gaps in the late Hölderlin's fragments—foisting a more regular metrical scheme, for instance, on *Die Gottheit freundlich geleitet* and *Uns erstlich mit Blau* by the addition of an adjective:

The deity kindly escorts us
At first with unblemished blue.

Such additions are remarkably rare, however, and as often as not Mr. Hamburger's departures from the strict letter of his original can be applauded. His expansion of Hölderlin's

das mir Elter und Eines nur sei,
for instance, at the end of *Wurzel aller Uebel*, is wholly admirable:

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THE MAGNIFICENT MEN

MARK RASCOVITCH: *The Eagle and his Egg*. 243pp. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

Mark Rascovitich likes to boast of being the third generation airman in his family in three-quarters of a century. His grandfather spent four hours aloft in a captive balloon over the San Francisco Fair of 1896 instead of the ten minutes he had intended, because of a defect in the winch. His father was an eccentric American who flew with the French Air Force in the 1914-18 War and became one of an organization of survivors known as Les Canards Crévés or The Ruptured Ducks. Young Mark himself was introduced to flying at the age of five, strapped to his father's knee in the windy cockpit of an ancient biplane, yelling lustily.

To be a Canard Crévé it was necessary to have survived from a bombing or observation squadron. Unlike most French ex-service societies the Canards wore no medals, sought no publicity and took no interest in politics. Intrepid fighter pilots were not eligible. They were strictly unheroic and the most important qualification was to have a gourmet's taste in food and drink. Papa Rascovitich's most intimate cronies in the Canards' raucous yearly gatherings in Montmartre were men like the one-legged Prince André de Faur; Sergeant Queffelec, who "had gone through the entire four years of serial warfare without causing a scratch to himself or the enemy"; and Lieutenant Le Longe, known as "The Hiker" from the many incredibly long walks he had made from his last crashed plane back to his aerodrome. Rascovitich himself had been shot down five times without being able to score up one similar killing on the enemy. "The mere survival of flying," as one of their number said, "let alone fighting through those years, proves an ability to blackmail the gods. Such men

eventually laid by a pair of lovers after the owner's death in 1939.

There is a macabre story of an inn near Verdun where the Canards Crévés dined on roast boar on the anniversary of the battle, among buckets of human bones which the patron and his wife salvaged to sell back to the army, and an episode in a Breton fishing village when Rascovitich fought to rescue a stranded whale from the rapacity of the population; but none of the later five episodes comes up to the promise of the first, which deals with the magnificent men in their flying machines. It contains a hilarious description of a chase over the French countryside with Rascovitich and Prince André vainly pursuing an Avro 504, whose design "closely matched that of an ordinary box kite", which had taken off without them to fly for miles over the fields, piloted only by Prince André's spare wooden leg.

COLETTE'S MAN

MAURICE GOUDEKET: *The Delights of Growing Old*. Translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian. 174pp. Michael Joseph. 30s.

Maurice Goudek's short autobiography is rather like one of those parties where we expect the host to stand aside so we can hear his famous guest. The guest here is Colette, with whom M. Goudek lived for so long, and in *The Delights of Growing Old* he does fill in one or two of the gaps he may have left in his earlier book *Prés de Colette*. He recalls, for example, largely through her splendid letters to him, their life in Saint-Tropez in the 1920s and 1930s, and also fences with the question of her religious beliefs, describing a wartime attempt at conversion by François Mauriac.

But this book is by no means all Colette, and M. Goudek springs nimbly about in it, very true to Anna de Noailles's description of him as "a precise and delicate acrobat". He introduces some of the more important events and decisions of his own life, both before and after Colette, and seldom dwells long on any one place or person before he is off into a fragile generalization. His story is one of youth wasted in timidity and abstraction, from which Colette seems to have rescued him, by making him live with less mind and more muscle. After her death M. Goudek best recognized that memories are best honoured in joy not sadness. Having remarked and become a father, for the first time at the age of seventy-one, he no doubt has a right to tell us that our first obligation is to live, that we should breathe deeply and be beneficent.

FEODORA OF KENSINGTON

HAROLD A. ALBERT: *Queen Victoria's Sister. The Life and Letters of Princess Feodora*. 255pp. Robert Hale. 30s.

When the Duke of Kent, in the rush to ensure the succession after the death of Princess Charlotte, tore himself from the comfortable embrace of Mme. St. Laurent to wed the young widow of the Prince of Leiningen, he found himself at the head of a ready-made family, consisting of Prince Charles and the Princess Feodora. He married in 1818, began the future queen of England in 1819, and expired in 1820, leaving his baby daughter with a half-sister twelve years his senior. Both girls were the nieces of Uncle Leopold, both were pupils of Lehen-admirers of Stockmar, cousins of Prince Albert; but there, the resemblance ended.

Feodora, brought up at Kensington, nourished at first a romantic passion for Augustus d'Este, the son of the Duke of Sussex, and Lady Augusta Murray, who once conducted to his journal. "I find in my acts a whole lot of Augustus," this romance being very properly knocked on the head. It seemed for a time as though Feodora had attracted the loving eye of the unattached sovereign, George IV, though he was then well past sixty. The Kent faction was horrified, and Feodora was promptly married off to Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, some thirteen years her

KING OF VICTORIA

C. F. SAYERS: *David Syme*. 312pp. Melbourne. £2 10s.

At one time David Syme, proprietor of the Melbourne Age, was popularly described as the "unwieldy king of Victoria", and Mr. Sayers notes that he "achieved a degree of political power unique in the history of Australian journalism". Syme never attempted to provide the features of the new popular newspaper introduced, for example, by Lord Northcliffe, but he certainly far outstripped that peer, and most of his English successors, in the exercise of the political power and influence which he strove for but generally failed to achieve. Following English examples, he reduced the price of his paper to this, to the growth of literacy, and to his bold advocacy of "popular" causes. He succeeded in raising its daily sales from about 2,000 in the nineteenth century, while Victoria's population rose only fourfold.

The career of such a man highly deserved a study more profound than that of the laudatory "official" biography written soon after his death in 1908; all the more because, as one deeply involved in the bitter political controversies of his time, he was inevitably misjudged by contemporaries and historians alike. It is certainly no fault of the author, that in writing this book Mr. Sayers has been greatly handicapped by the lack of records. The result has been that he has to place great reliance on the columns of the Age itself, and to tell us what was said, rather than why Syme was moved to say it. Clearly Syme believed, often passionately, in the measures he was advocating, and had considerable sympathy with "the common man" (however uncommon he might be himself), but this does not more than it justifies the unmercifully exaggerated language that Mr. Sayers too often uses of Syme's opponents. It is a pity that the reader is not given rather more insight into the general state of Victoria, possibly at the expense of the sometimes rather tedious chronicle of unexplained and often

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MAGYAR MARXIST AND MAGYAR PRINCE

JELANE: *Kun Béla*. 491pp. 41 plates. Budapest: Magvető.

LAJOS WINDISCHGRAETZ: *My Adventures and Misadventures*. Edited and Translated by Charles Kessler. 227pp. Barrie and

When he held power in Hungary and Stalin's purge in the Soviet Union to which he fell victim. About these periods Mrs. Kun tells us nothing. She puts the question: what did Béla Kun do during the time he held power? Her answer: "Quite frankly, I have no personal memories, I hardly ever saw him."

Indeed, from her own personal point of view, these times were the days when her family life was somewhat disrupted and not at all what it ought to have been. She complains: "We never spent so little time together as during the 133 days of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat." Where she does illuminate her husband's character, it is quite unwittingly. She describes a high-level conference of the Communist Party at which her husband, having lost patience with a critic, "stopped explaining matters, grasped the man by his collar, dragged him to the door, threw him out", also slapping his face for good measure. We are told that Kun did not attach special importance to this because the man was not a worker but an intellectual. "Nevertheless," she adds collectively, "it was disgraceful."

As the book, for some mysterious reasons, ends before Kun is taken away by Stalin's henchmen, the circumstances of his disappearance are reported even more vaguely than his part in the Revolution he led. When political opinions are unavoidable, Mrs. Kun repeats the slogans and even the phraseology of the Communist papers of 1919, without their vulgarly and vituperation. One would like to be charitable to a first book written by a lady of seventy-five, whose loyalty to her husband is moving; politically, however, it obscures rather than enlightens, and on a human plane we are made to feel that her private life is not really our business. It is a miraculous achievement to reveal so little about a man in such a long book. Kun is always right; his motives were always noble; he made no mistakes, not even slight ones. A special note of chilly aloofness is added to the book by the author's habit of not calling her hero anything but Béla Kun. Never "my husband"; never the father of their children; not once Béla; not even Mr. Kun or, at least, Kun, without the Béla. It is always Béla Kun.

Prince Lajos Windischgrätz was born four years earlier than Béla Kun but he is happily still with us. He became an internationally known figure in the 1920s, as the leading figure in the scandal of the forged 1000-franc notes. This story is more or less forgotten now but it was not only a major international sensation in those days but also one of those ludicrous, scarcely credible events which serve as the comic relief of history. Some Hungarian patriots—whose unselfish motives were never doubted—decided that the best way to achieve the aims of Hungarian revisionism was financially to ruin Hungary's enemies, first of all France. In order to ruin France—the principal supporter of the Little Entente, i.e. Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia—they decided to forge 1,000-franc notes in sufficient quantities to make the French franc collapse as a currency. They proceeded to do this with admirable efficiency: the Head of the National Police Force, former Premier, bishops, the senior Army Chaplain and staff officers were involved to varying degrees, and Windischgrätz himself was the leading figure. "The conspiracy was so wide-spread that the Military Cartographic Institute was used for the printing of the counterfeit notes, and the completed bundles were taken to safe custody under police escort. All was done with great care, circumspection and ingenuity; but when it came to the distribution of the notes, this was bungled in a stupefying manner. The plan—which involved a complicated and clever method of using the Safe Deposit system of foreign banks—was excellent, but its execution might as well have been left to Berlioz. A courier called Jankovich, instead of going to The Hague, went to Rotterdam, where he met two of the distributing agents, who were his pals. In his hotel room he could not resist showing off the excellence of the forgeries. The samples

he handed round were duly admired. Then, after he had closed his suitcase, he suddenly noticed that three of the bills had fallen under the table. To save himself the trouble of reopening the case he put the forged notes into his wallet, along with some genuine 1,000-franc notes. Next morning he arrived in The Hague too early to find anyone at the Legation, so he strolled over to a nearby bank to change some French francs into Dutch guilders. By mistake he handed over one of the forged notes, which the bank clerk immediately recognized as a counterfeit. This was the end of the grand venture: it was all over before one single note was exchanged.

A furious and uproarious international scandal followed. The French refused to believe—not unreasonably—that the Military Cartographic Institute and the police could have been used without the knowledge, indeed connivance, of the Hungarian Government. There was a time when it was seriously believed that France was planning a punitive occupation of Hungary. At the same time, internal political intrigues were being played out. Bethlen, the Prime Minister, wanted to use the scandal to get rid of Horváth, the Regent, and Horváth to get rid of Bethlen. But then they united their forces to save their skin, and Windischgrätz, by taking most of the blame and refusing to implicate the government, helped to maintain the impression that the whole scheme had been private enterprise. After a mock trial—the chief aim of which was to whitewash the government—Windischgrätz was sentenced to four years of penal servitude but was, in fact, released much sooner. While in custody the Prime Minister deemed it his duty to visit him in prison. (The Prime Minister was disguised as a prison warder.) Later Windischgrätz was fully exculpated by an

Officers' Court of Honour. His personal integrity had never been in doubt; far from acting for motives of personal gain, he was the chief financier of the whole operation, which cost him an enormous sum.

The forgery of French francs is, however, only one episode in Prince Lajos Windischgrätz's life—even if it is the most memorable one. The author is an amiable and generous man with a sense of humour, who took his rank and fortune for granted, lived his life with great gusto and tried to be of service to his country. He was related to the Emperor Francis Joseph and when, as a young man, he moved around the world, he was received by the Empress Dowager of China, by the Emperor of Japan, President Theodore Roosevelt and King Edward VII. He modestly explains that Roosevelt wanted to see him because he had seen something of the Russo-Japanese War and Edward VII wanted to see him because he had seen Roosevelt. Towards the end of the 1914-18 War Prince Windischgrätz became Minister of Food. His first act was to order the burning of the 187,000 files of his Ministry on a huge bonfire in the Ministry courtyard. This was a novel method of administrative reform and while its bureaucratic flavour is wholly admirable, it remains doubtful whether this is the best method of cutting red tape. The author became an ardent supporter of the cause of ex-King Charles and a leading legitimist. His book is more convincing and amusing when he tries to persuade us that he was a serious and influential political figure. After the last war he fled to Argentina, where he worked as dockhand during the day and rubbed shoulders with fellow-princes and millionaires and consorted with the President at night. Finally he settled with his daughter in Paris, enjoying some rest after an eventful and, one feels, happy life.

FIRST AMERICAN FOUNDER

ROBERT C. BLACK: *The Younger John Winthrop*. 459pp. Columbia University Press. £3 12s.

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Professor Black is candid about Winthrop's limitations as a scientist. His astronomical achievements were distinguished, but not of the first order. His methods of research—some revealed a crudity which was politely rebuked by people like Oldenburg. But his services were very great. He steered Connecticut through the shoals of the Restoration with a skill worthy of Benjamin Franklin. Professor Black delicately hints that he was not always candid:

he was not. In some ways he recalls that slim operator Jan Christian Smuts. (Some of the victims of his slimness were themselves New Englanders.) Professor Black goes too far when he considers the possibility that Winthrop was a proto-Marxist. And Professor Black is sometimes prone to write up his sources in a way that some historians will find distasteful. When he declares, "We may safely reconstruct details," pedantic historians are likely to say, "We cannot reconstruct details because we do not know."

We learn again of the important and beneficial role played by Robert Boyle, who was not only a much greater scientist than Winthrop but also, as we know, was brother to the Earl of Cork and so in a position to "work" the Court. Inevitably Professor Black has to tell again stories recently told in general histories of the Winthrop family and in lives of individual Winthrops, but if not everything told is novel, this is a sound, intelligent, and welcome book.

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A selection from the work of one of the most striking and controversial young avant-garde writers of post-war Finland.

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PSI-SCEPTICISM

C. E. M. HANSEL: *ESP: A Scientific Evaluation*. Introduction by Edwin G. Boring. 263pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2 2s.

Or an unscientific devaluation? If a scientist is a man concerned with the discovery of truth, and if T. H. Huxley was right in saying that such a man must be prepared to "sit down before the facts like a little child" this would be a better subtitle.

Professor Hansel is not, of course, without distinguished companions in his refusal to admit the existence of phenomena that do not fit into a ready-made system of ideas. There were those who declared globe-lightning to be an optical illusion until experimental work had shown how and why it could occur. There was also Hume, who rejected as "an absolute impossibility" the cures attested by hundreds of witnesses at the cemetery of St. Médard in the 1730s, on the grounds that "miracles" could not happen, since they contravened "the laws of nature, established upon a firm and unalterable basis". Now, however, that Charcot, Freud and a host of later psychiatrists have built up the concept of psychosomatic illness, and demonstrated the part played by suggestion in its relief, it is intellectually respectable to acknowledge the facts of the case.

But no one has yet advanced a theory adequate to explain all the diverse and complex manifestations of ESP (extra-sensory perception) either in nature or in experimental work. So there is a vast reluctance even to look at them, a reluctance exemplified to an almost comic degree by Professor Hansel's book.

"In analysing an experiment purporting to prove ESP", he writes, "it is wise to adopt initially the assumption that ESP is impossible"; and when an experiment may seem to show that ESP is indeed at work "if the result could have arisen through a trick the experiment must be considered unsatisfactory proof of ESP whether or not it is finally decided that such a trick was in fact used". Evidence of character is not admitted. Professors of widely different disciplines—mathematics, philosophy, psychology, physics—at major British and American universities are regarded as infinitely gullible, and sometimes seem as potentially fraudulent; as when Professor Hansel writes of a well-known series of tests that "using tricks such as those described above it would have been possible for Soal, provided he had the assistance of three other persons—Basil Shackleton, Rita Elliot and J. Akred—to have faked the result of the Soal-Goldney experiment". He does not attempt to suggest why a man who

has spent much of his life in attempting to discover facts should wish to fake his results; or to assess the probability of his being so imprudent as to conspire with no fewer than three other people to do so.

Even Gilbert Murray's telepathic experiments with his daughter are obliquely blown upon. "Although", says Professor Hansel, "he referred to these experiments in his Presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research, and they were reported in the Proceedings of the Society, he made no attempt to display his abilities under adequate test conditions." It is difficult to see why any such attempt should have been made. The test conditions in which the experiments were carried out were perfectly adequate for their purpose, since those who took part in them were known as persons of honour and intellectual integrity to those who observed and recorded what happened. There was no need to regard them as mindless guinea pigs, hysterical psychopaths or deliberate liars who must be assumed guilty of fraud unless and until they could be proved innocent. The work was in fact undertaken in a spirit of open-minded scientific interest; there was no paranoid fear of some universal conspiracy to deceive. It is odd to reflect how many targets such fears have found over the ages—the Christians, the Jews, the witches, the Jesuits, the Communists, and now the psychical research workers.

Basing his argument on the axiom that no test demonstrating the activity of the psi-factor can be valid if any possible form of trickery can be postulated to explain its findings (even though there is no suspicion, let alone proof, that trickery was involved) Professor Hansel devotes much of this book to working out the most elaborate and ingenious methods that could be used to fake results, and applying them to various well-known sets of experiments.

Professor Hansel's observations are mainly concerned with the field of what might be called psibernetics; large-scale experimental work involving communication that can be evaluated in terms of mathematics and of probability theory. His chapter on "Strange Occurrences", the natural history so to speak of ESP, is highly selective and deals chiefly with isolated reports that can be picked to pieces.

Many of them have in fact already been examined and rejected by psychical researchers. Professor Han-

sel makes no mention of serious studies of psychokinetics such as Dr. Owen's work on poltergeist phenomena, and does not discuss any of those instances of telepathy or precognition (recorded and witnessed at the time of their occurrence, and later found to correspond with the truth which are to be found in the archives of the Society for Psychical Research, omitting even to comment on the well-known cases recently and neutrally set forth in Andrew MacKenzie's useful volume, *The Unexplained*).

What parapsychologists regard as discoveries about the way in which psi operates—for instance, that it is affected by the temperaments, moods, and relationships of those involved—Professor Hansel sees as modes of hedging. He is particularly outraged by the idea that "ESP is affected by the mental state of the person investigating it" (just as the accuracy of a child's responses to questions is affected by the warmth or hostility of the examiner) and by finding that the "relationship between ESP scoring rate and distance is completely chaotic, apparently dependent on the investigator, the subject and the experimental conditions". Could the factors determining a horse's speed along a given course be called chaotic because they depend on the animal's health, the jockey and the weather? Perhaps the real trouble is that Professor Hansel assumes that ESP should be a power constant, measurable and subject to control, like man-made electricity, and has no notion of regarding it as a biological activity which is, under normal conditions, brought into use only when it is needed, as between mothers and children, or packs and their individual members, an activity displayed in accordance with the life style of the creature concerned. It would be useless for a lark to exercise it in connexion with milk, or a cat in connexion with corn.

It is useful to be reminded of this possibility of deliberate deception in a field where its use has so often proved profitable in money and prestige, and Professor Hansel's accounts of various fraudulent mediums are valuable, though not very new. His brief surveys of current work in Czechoslovakia and Russia are most interesting, too. But his reiterated assertion that people tend to be impressed by evidence in favour of ESP because they wish to be provoked the reply that people who do not wish to be so impressed tend to reject it.

BRAZILIAN MAGIC

PEDRO MCGREGOR in association with T. STATION SMITH: *The Moon and Two Mountains. The Myths, Ritual and Magic of Brazilian Spirituality*. 238pp. Souvenir Press. 25s.

Mr. McGregor's account of the history and present development of superstition, magical practices and animist cults in Brazil is both vivid and alarming. The mixture of European, African and indigenous ancestor worship, mediumship and possession smells very like that described in Francis Huxley's objective study of Haiti, *The Invisibles*, with the Portuguese tradition to some extent replacing the French. It may be significant that, though very much more highly urbanized and organized than their Haitian counterparts, the Brazilian mediums and priestesses call themselves "horses" (to be ridden by gods and spirits) just as they do.

Where Mr. Huxley remains, however, a detached observer of the phenomena he records, Mr. McGregor is deeply immersed in his theme, and finally reveals his adherence to a "Temple of Universal Religion" founded in Rio in 1938 to provide a framework capable of embracing both Umbanda and Kardecism. Holy associations transmit through mediums messages from "spirit guides", practise faith healing (sometimes of a rather gruesome surgical variety) and believe in reincarnation; but Umbanda, of Afro-Indian inspiration, is a polytheist cult marked by dancing, singing, drumming, "hand-slapping" and other methods of inducing dissociation, while Kardecism, founded a century ago by a Frenchman, is a much quieter and more intellectual affair, whose messages are said to be

in silence or to the strains of classical music.

Mr. McGregor conveys admirably the tropical atmosphere of his subject matter, traces many of the prevalent magical procedures, back to the African societies whence slaves were imported, attempts to show how Catholic and primitive beliefs were amalgamated, and touches on black magic as well as white and off-white. He writes in a dramatic style, does not think very clearly, and makes a number of assertions for which it is hard to find a basis, as his book has neither index nor bibliography. Some of them are tantalizing: who for instance is that W. L. Durov who "detected thought waves of the length of 1.8 millimetres during telepathic experiments in 1925" and where did he record them? Others do not make any sense at all, notably the remark that "the difference between oxi- and magic is simply a matter of semantics". Magic is an applied activity, in which extra-sensory perception may be used like any other human faculty such as a talent for suggestion or song; it may employ but cannot be identified with any of them.

LIBERAL INTERPRETATIONS

HUGH MONTGOMERY: *Truth to Tell*. 126pp. Collins. Fonthill. 5s.

A radical re-statement of the Christian Faith is the subtitle of this little volume of sermons and addresses to the undergraduates in High St. Mary's that is what the first group will seem. Yet if the congregation includes theological students liberal has been a matter of course for the Church for at least 100 years, and was robustly challenged when John Donne's *Devotions* were published in 1624. In the sermon on "Parables" in his attractive second group he suggests that we need to "prize our own ideas. That is, he might himself, himself, and there for him, is an almost random selection of ques-

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POET TROUVÉ

P. I. CARVER: *The Life of a Poet*. 210pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s.

It is remarkable how little we know of William Collins; only two of his letters have survived, and Johnson's brief sketch in the *Life of the Poets* tells us nearly all the ascertainable facts of the life, though he got some of them wrong. Collins's later biographers, moreover, have largely confined themselves to copying from one another with unrelenting assiduity.

In the autumn of 1939, however, an important series of articles on Collins appeared from Mr. Carver in *Notes and Queries*, and these, together with the printing in 1956 of Mr. J. V. Cunningham's recently discovered *Drafts and Fragments of Verse* by Collins, rendered imperative a thorough reassessment of the poet. Here at last, from the hand of the same Mr. Carver, we have it, and it is a book of the utmost interest.

What Mr. Carver has done is to go back to the documents—in the wills, parish registers and so on—and to reconsider the old evidence in the new light that these throw on it. It soon becomes clear that, though the old story was basically right, many of the emphases were wrong. Collins, for example, had always previously been represented as descending from a long line of Chichester tradesmen; Mr. Carver demonstrates that his paternal grandfather was a clergyman. It had always been stated before that Colonel Martin, his maternal uncle, was the poet's chief patron and that the legacy he received from this uncle was the prime cause of his ceasing to write. Mr. Carver, by a close study of the family wills, demolishes this notion and makes Collins's paternal uncle, Charles, his principal benefactor.

More important still, because it touches upon the poetry, is the curious account here given of Collins's supposed relations with Alexander Carlyle, the Scottish minister and autobiographer. Collins's *Odes*, which include "How sleep the brave" and "To Evening", were published in the December of 1746. In February, 1747, there were printed in an Edinburgh periodical, the *British Magazine*, two poems—an "Ode to the Memory of Colonel Gardiner" (who was killed at Prestonpan) and is still familiar to us

in the pages of *Waverley* and an "Ode to Evening". In imitation of Milton—which contains unmistakable resemblances to Collins's above-named poems. As Mr. Carver believes it would have been impossible for a man of Carlyle's integrity to have crudely plagiarized Collins's work, he advances the theory that these poems are earlier versions of Collins's odes, done by himself and Carlyle in collaboration. If this theory is correct, it is a fascinating demonstration of the way in which the third-rate can be transmuted by the hand of genius into the first-rate, for the Edinburgh "Ode to Evening", which starts with a reminiscence of "Il Penseroso" and goes on to an imitation of "Comus's" address to his monsters, ends with a set of flat moral reflections which do not in the least resemble the conclusion of Collins's great ode the metre of which, as Mr. Carver incidentally points out, may well have derived from Milton's translation of Horace's "Ad Pyrrham".

This is a striking conjecture typical of the many which Mr. Carver puts forward, and we should suppose off-hand that its chief weakness lies in the fact that we do not know it was Carlyle who submitted the two poems (which are signed "X") to the *British Magazine*. Mr. Carver's reason for believing he did so is the fact that he almost certainly commemorated the death of Colonel Gardiner (whom he knew well) in another poem entitled "Fannie Weeping", which, again, when printed in the *British Magazine*, he did not sign.

All this and much else must necessarily remain speculative, but Mr. Carver does not press his points unduly and the great merit of his book is that it does constantly make us think again about Collins. He reasons so closely and precisely from his documents that it is a privilege to be able to cross two of his minor uncorroborated "ifs": the Flaxman memorial to Collins in Chichester Cathedral, on the date of the erection of which he expresses some uncertainty, was put there in August, 1795; and the epitaph upon it was the joint work of William Hayley and John Sargent.

OBJETS TROUVÉS

JAMES LAVER: *The Age of Optimism*. 272pp. 96pp. of plates. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2 10s.

JAMES LAVER: *Victoriana*. 256pp. Ward Lock. 30s.

The Age of Optimism is the latest in point of period of a six-volume series grandiloquently entitled "Manners and Morals" under the general editorship of Dr. Richard Friedenthal, from the study of which, according to the wrapper, is supposed to "emerge a picture of the development of man's relationship with man".

The period allotted to Mr. Laver is the years between 1848 and 1914—a period somewhat curiously described as "The Age of Optimism" on the strength, apparently, of the 1851 Exhibition in Hyde Park. Since, however, these studies of manners and morals are allegedly "international" this would seem an inadequate reason for the book's title, though as it happens the manners which are here displayed are almost exclusively those of this country, the United States and France. As for the morals—the very idea that such things have any connexion with thought is almost completely absent from these pages: there are two references in them to the Victorian arch-moralist, Thomas Carlyle—one tells us that he was acquainted with Coventry Patmore, the other that he dined at six.


The truth is that Mr. Laver, who is an acknowledged authority on fashion, has here provided us not with a history of manners and morals, but with an amusing and lighthearted ragbag of anecdotes about eminent courtiers, "high life" and the low life that was necessary concomitants. All the familiar Aunt Sallys are there: Dr. Arnold's dreadful public schools, "muscular Christianity", Victorian hypocrisy, the Victorian woman who "went through life without having her own sexual desires either provoked or satisfied".

Mr. Laver is a holter-skeiter writer who is often entertaining and who occasionally throws up unfamiliar information. It is pleasant, for example, to learn that the maiden name of the "pretty horse-breaker" was

Lady Cardigan, was Miss Horsey de Horsey; illuminating too to be told that the original of du Maurier's Mrs. Crampton Brown was (probably) Mrs. Comyns Carr. But the book is not a serious study of a serious subject and it is put together in haphazard fashion: one of Tennison's most backneyed lines is misquoted, so is Patmore, in a passage designed to ridicule him; and an agreeable innovation is the suggestion that Keble preached a sermon on "Natural Apostasy". The illustrations are many and sumptuous.

Victoriana, too, has plenty of good illustrations and in some pleasant short essays Mr. Laver displays aspects of Victorian knickknackery, whatnotery and occasionally gimcrackery that appeal to us today. Here are, for instance, paintings and photographs, Christmas cards and Valentines, silver and glass, together with some less well-known "Things"—sheet-music covers and the often delightful Baxter prints.

But the restriction of choice to what is likely to be of pleasure to us today means that the general picture of Victorian life here presented is a partial one. What appears equally to the Victorians yet would not to us is omitted; which means that we lack Arundel prints in Oxford frames, illuminated texts, *pathe-mania* vases, Brussels carpets and perhaps splittings (Mr. Brontë regularly used one).
As we should expect from Mr. Laver the accompanying commentaries are generally informed and urbane. But surely he does not really believe that tall thin town houses were a mid-Victorian innovation or that the phrase "high life below stairs" derived from Kensington Italianate? And it is a little odd, not to say anachronistic, to speak of Burne-Jones wandering in a "Celtic twilight", a phrase hardly redolent of Arthurian chivalry. More exact dating of many of the illustrations would have been appreciated.



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BOOKS RECEIVED

By Margaret Lane

process, tries to pin down the more important sociological concepts. As the author himself remarks of sociology, "even a partial truth is valuable in illuminating a problem from a new fresh angle"; this comment could well be applied in recommending this book to the student, though its guide to further reading is disappointingly thin.

After the war, Charity Blackstock was involved in a scheme to give holidays in families in the United Kingdom to Jewish children who had been in the concentration camps. She also worked in two homes for these children in Paris. She here describes her experiences in an anecdotal and discursive way, and gives the stories of individual children. The telling of the tale is subjective and emotional, without the traditional detachment of the true social worker, but the horror of what these children suffered comes through, and so does something of the feeling of Jewishness.

Jones, Derek. *Learning Theory and Social Work*. 139pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 2/6.

The author, Librarian at St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College, has revised his selections from the writings and speeches of men whose ideas have shaped the library movement contained in two earlier books—*A Mirror for Librarians* (1948) and *Classics of Librarianship* (1951)—both now out of print—and has incorporated them in the present volume.

Mathematics
TEMPERLEY, H. N. V. *Mathematics and the Real World*. 8pp. Obtainable from the Registrar, University of Swansea. 3s.

In his inaugural lecture at Swansea Professor Temperley deals with two themes. One is the need for a mathematician to abstract certain elements from his problem if he is to find a solution—and what he abstracts will depend upon the purpose he has in mind. The other is the way in which abstract branches of mathematics are pursued for their own sake in order to be the ideal tools for the investigation of nature. Professor Temperley illustrates admirably the way in which mathematicians actually work.

Religion
HASTIE, ROY MACGREGOR.
Throne of Peter, and History of Papacy. 192pp. Abelard-Schuman, 18s.
Though well informed, this is a diffusely written and rather con-
fusing volume, which cannot accu-
rately be called a history in the usual
sense. It does not, that is, begin at the be-
ginning and follow the fortunes of
Papacy in chronological order from
St. Peter's time to our own. In-
stead, it consists of nine chapters on dif-
ferent aspects of its theme. These chap-
ters, though numbered are not headed,
and the subject or subjects of each
can only be discovered by reading
right through. The first sets for

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CH, MARCUS (Editor). *Book*
Children's Literature.

ALEC. How to find out about children's literature. 1922pp. Boston Press. 25s. (Paperback)

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the Liverpool School of Librarianship is willing for students and technical librarians—present and future—so that part of his theme is concerned with problems of the selection, handling and arrangement of this highly important material. References are included.

MORRISON, ARTHUR D. *Branch libraries*. 134pp. André Deutsch.

The object of this book by the A.L.A. Librarian, Gloucestershire County Library, is to help young college librarians, often mainly headquarter-trained in practical work, to understand the day-to-day running of a general policy of the branch libraries in which many will ultimately be themselves. Mr. Morrison goes


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